

The Love-sick Captain's

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GARLAND,

Beautified with several choice

NEW SONGS.

- I. The Love-sick Captain's Praise of a young Lady in this Town.
- II. The bonny lad the flower of all his kin.
- III. The Irish Wedding.
- IV. A song on the first Rebellion.



Licensed and entered according to order.

The Love-sick Captain's GARLAND.

The Love-sick Captain's praise of a young Lady.

THOU Angel-like Creature,
 Thou pride of Nature,
 Each killing Feature's
 In your lovely Face:

In Flames of Fire,
 At chaste Desire,
 Ye Gods inspire
 The Nymph with my Case.



Her subtle Traces,
 And sweet Caresses,
 Her Lips possesses
 Ten Thousand Charms.

There's no denying,
 I am always dying,
 Until I am flying
 Into her Arms.

She is tall and slender,
 She's young and tender,
 Let no pretender
 Approach my Dove.

I'll change Profession,
 To win possession,
 And learn a Lesson
 Of constant Love.

She

She is brisk and jolly,
 Tho' free from Folly,
 Her Name it is Molly,
 She's all divine.

I'll sell Commission,
 On this Condition,
 To gain Fruition,
 If she was mine.

At Cupid's Banner,
 I'll throw my honour,
 And wait upon her,
 For evermore;

She's so deserving,
 Divine and charming,
 My Heart's alarming,
 I must adore.

Oh! who can blame,
 Or who can shame me,
 Or once defame me,
 That knows Lover's power;

For why this Angel
 Doth so intangle,
 No Fisher's Angle
 Can so devour.

Therefor

- Therefore, my jewel,
 That cannot be cruel,
 Add no more Fuel
 To my poor Breast,
 For must languish
 In Grief and Anguish,
 Till you I vanquish,
 To yield me rest.

The Bonny Lad.

MY love was once a bonny lad,
 He was the flower of all his kin,
 The absence of his bonny face,
 My tender heart has rent in twain;
 By day nor night finds no delight,
 In silent tears I still complain,
 And rail at those my rival foes,
 That took from me my darling Swain:
 Despair and Anguish fill my Breast,
 Since I have lost my blooming Rose;
 I sigh and mourn while others rest,
 His Absence yields me no Repose.
 To seek my Love I'll range and rove:
 Thro' ev'ry Grove and distant plain,
 I ne'er will cease but spend my Days,
 'Till I hear from my darling Swain.
 I need not strange at Nature's Change,
 Since Parents shew such Cruelty;
 Therefore, my Love from me does range,
 And knows not to what Destiny,

The pretty Kids and tender Lambs
 Shall cease to sport upon the Plain,
 But they lament, in Discontent,
 For th' Absence of my darling Swain.

Kind Neptune, let me you intreat,
 To send a fair and pleasant Gale;
 Your Dolphins sweet upon me wait,
 For to convey me on your Tail.
 May Heaven's bless me with Success,
 While crossing on the raging main;
 And send me o'er to that same Shore,
 To meet my lovely darling Swain.

All joy and mirth at our Return,
 Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay,
 The Bells shall ring, the Birds shall sing,
 To grace and crown our Nuptial-Day.
 Thus blest with Charms in my Love's Arms,
 Once more my Heart I will obtain;
 I'll range no more to a distant Shore,
 But will enjoy my darling Swain.

THE IRISH WEDDING.

SAYS Phillis no longer in Ireland I'll stay,
 I have got so much money my debts I can't pay;
 I'll go into England and pass for a Lord,
 My bag wig by my side, and my head a broad sword,
Fal, la!, &c.

As I travel along all the People will stare,
 At my Coach and six Horses drawn by an old mare;
 I'll not stop on the Road nor make no Delays,
 For fear I be weary I'll be going ten Days.

And when I arrive safe at London by sea,
 I'll lodge at St James's, or else at Bear-key;
 I'll fence at the Assembly, play at Cards and at Balls
 I'll court some rich Widow worth nothing at all.

Every day as I walk all round the cross park,
 Every Moon shiny Night, at Noon when it is dark
 With my Coat lac'd all over and buxom well arm'd,
 With my Hat in my Hand to keep my Head warm.

Every night in the play in the box I will shine,
 And tell some rich widow she is more divine,
 Than Vulcan or the Goddess of May,
 And with my fine Speeches her heart I'll betray.

I'll persuade her to wed me in a day or two more,
 Next Morning betime at Noon about four;
 To the Church I will carry my beautiful Bride,
 With my pillion behind me close by my left side.

And when we are married the Drums they shall ring,
 The Bells they shall beat and the Fiddlers shall sing,
 In the middle of winter when we are making Hay,
 For we will be married on Midsummer Day.

My Aunt and my Mother I'll invite to the Feast,
 Potatoes and mutton for sauce shall be dress'd;
 Rum Punch made of Whiskey plenty shall flow,
 And all my Relations shall come to the show.

Fal la!, &c,

A SONG on the first Rebellion.

Mackintosh was a Soldier brave,
 and of his Friends he took his Leave,
 Towards Northumberland he drew,
 Marching along with the jovial Crew.

The Lord Derwentwater he did say,
 Five hundred Guineas he would lay,
 To fight the Militia, if they would stay,
 But they proved Cowards, and ran away.

The Earl of Mar did vow and swear,
 That if e'er proud Person he did come near,
 Before the right should starve and the wrong stand,
 He'd blow them into some foreign Land.

The Lord Derwentwater he did say,
 When he mounted on his Dapple Grey,
 With that we were at home with speed,
 For I fear we are all betrayed Indeed.

Ad——ds, said Forster, never fear,
 For the Brunswick Army is not near;
 If they come, our Valour we'll show,
 We will give them the total Overthrow.

The Lord Derwentwater then he found,
 That Forster had drawn his Left Wing round;
 I wish I was with my dear Wife.
 For now I do fear I shall lose my Life.

Mackintosh he shook his Head,
 To see his Soldiers there lye dead:
 It is not so much for the Loss of those,
 But I fear we are all took by our Foes.

Mackintosh was a valiant Soldier,
 He carried his Musket on his Shoulder;
 Cock your Pistols, draw your Rapier,
 And damn you Forster, for you are a Traitor.

The Lord Derwentwater to Forster did say,
 Thou hast prov'd our Ruin this very Day;
 Thou hast promised to stand our Friend,
 But thou hast proved a Rogue in the End.

The Lord Derwentwater to Litchfield did ride
 In his Coach and Attendance by his Side;
 He swore if he dy'd by the Point of a Sword,
 He'd drink a Health to the Man he lov'd.

Thou Forster has brought us from our own home
 Leaving our Estates for others to come:
 Thou treachrous Rogue, thou hast us betrayed,
 We are all ruin'd Lord Derwentwater said.

The Lord Derwentwater he was condemn'd,
 And near unto his latter end,
 And then his Lady she did cry,
 My dear Derwentwater he must die.

The Lord Derwentwater he is dead,
 And from his Body they took his head,
 But Mackintosh and some others are fled,
 Who'd set the Hat on another Man's Head.

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